

FRONT ADVERTISING.—For one square (of 15 lines) three insertions \$1. Each additional insertion, 15 cents a square. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year. Liberal terms. Notice to Legislature, \$1 each in advance.
S. M. PETERSON & Co., 57 Park Row, New York, and 60 State Street, Boston, and S. H. STILES, 150 South Main Street, Boston, are our authorized agents.

THE PRINTING OF ALL KINDS DONE NEATLY AND AT LIVING PRICES. All kinds of Papers and Cards kept constantly on hand.

Home in Heaven.

Why should we weep at earthly grief,
Or pine for earthly joy?
The sharpest sorrows here are brief,
The sweetest pleasures cloy.
At most, but tiny sails we are
Across the ocean's sea.
And though we wander long and far,
Our only port is Heaven.
We seek for gold, but soon as won,
We yield our parting breath;
We strive for fame, when scarce begun
The race is stopped by death.
Why are we born if such is life?
Know then, the boon is given
That you and I, by earnest strife
May win a home in Heaven.

A Rare Chance for All.

The War Department has determined to have no means untold to aid those men who have been honorably discharged on account of wounds or disease.

The "Invalid Corps" authorized by general Order No. 105, offers the pay and emoluments to all those who are capable of doing any thing, the same as it does to those who go into active duty. This is giving to our worn-out, wounded and used up men a fine chance to serve their country and earn a living. These men will be for garrison duty, recruiting service, hospital and provost duty. We hope the press of the state will give special attention to the promulgating of this order. We publish so much of it as will be needed by those discharged.

Third. By accepting those officers and enlisted men who have been honorably discharged on account of wounds or disease contracted in the line of duty, and who desire to re-enter the service. In case of an officer application must be made to the provost marshal general of the United States through the officer detailed as acting assistant provost marshal general of the state. No application of this kind will be considered unless the following conditions are completely fulfilled:

1. That the applicant produce the certificate of the surgeon of the board of enrollment for the district in which he resides, that he is unfit for active field duty on account of wounds or disease, and is not liable to draft, but is fit for garrison duty.

2. That he furnish evidence of honorable discharge on account of wounds or disability contracted in the line of duty.

3. That he produce recommendations from the regimental, brigade and division commanders under whom he formerly served, that he is worthy being thus provided for and capable of returning adequate service to the government. In case it be impracticable to get this last evidence, he may, having established the first two points above, satisfy the board of enrollment that he is deserving, and present its certificate of the fact. This evidence must all be obtained by the applicant, and must be transmitted with his application for appointment.

If there be no acting assistant provost marshal for the state, the application may be forwarded through the adjutant general of the state, who is desired to endorse thereon such facts in the military history of the applicant as he may know, or as are afforded by his records, and forward the same to the provost marshal general of the United States. Enlisted men, honorably discharged on account of disability, desiring to re-enlist in this corps, will present themselves to the board of enrollment for the district in which they reside, for examination by the surgeon thereof, who shall examine them and report the result to the board of enrollment.

The board shall then consider each case, and if the applicant is found to fulfill the conditions specified below, the board shall give him a certificate to that effect, viz:

1. That he is unfit for service in the field.
2. That he is fit for garrison duty.
3. That he is meritorious and deserving.
4. That he was honorably discharged from the service.

The provost marshal for the district shall then send the application, with this certificate of the board, to the acting assistant provost marshal of the state, who shall procure such evidence of service and character as the records of the company to which he belonged, on file at the headquarters of the state, may show, and if satisfied that it is a meritorious case, and that the man is deserving, he will enlist him in accordance with such special rules as the provost marshal general may establish.

Medical inspectors, surgeons in charge of hospitals, military commanders, and all others having authority to discharge, under existing laws and regulations, are forbidden to grant discharges to any men under their control of his bureau.

By order of secretary of war:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

RATHER ROMANTIC.—Popping the question, in Peru, is very romantic. The suitor appears, on the appointed evening, with a gaily dressed troubadour, under the balcony of his beloved. The singer steps before her flower-bedded windows, and sings her beauties, in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rose-buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover: "Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers, with ardent confidence: "The dove I do adore! The stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty greets herself away; she takes her flower-veils from her hair, and throws it down to her lover, promising to be his forever.

The Caledonian.

VOL. 26--NO. 51.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 1351.

The Struggle at Vicksburg.

What the plans of the rebels may be in his mysterious movements, we do not pretend to know; but we know plainly enough what our policy ought to be in this juncture of the war. We should send men enough to Vicksburg to make its capture an absolute certainty. We should take any risk possible to be taken elsewhere that may be required to compass this. We speak advisedly in saying so. There is scarcely any calamity possible to be imagined that might befall our other armies for which the taking of Vicksburg would not more than compensate.

Let us see how it is for a moment. If Gen. Rosecrans or Gen. Hooker were defeated in consequence of their armies being weakened to reinforce Grant, the result would be simply defeat: that we have borne before and can endure again. Beyond the loss at the time, no great ultimate advantage would accrue to the enemy. If Rosecrans were to be driven back from Tennessee and even through Kentucky, the ground could be recovered again, as it has once been already. So of Hooker. The rebels have been in Maryland before, and they have gone back; and we are none the worse off for their journey. The worst that would be like to happen to us would be a series of disasters like that of the second Bull Run campaign last summer. If Washington itself were to be taken; great as would be the shame, and serious the loss, yet the enemy could not keep it; and even that misfortune, so far as its bearing on the final issues of the war alone are concerned, would have no such crippling effect upon us as the loss of Vicksburg and the Mississippi river might have upon the rebels.

Here is the main point, which we hope our military authorities have got clearly in mind; but upon which they cannot by any mischance cling too strongly, namely: There is no stronghold of ours, which the enemy may hope to get, either in Tennessee or Kentucky, or Virginia or Maryland or anywhere else, and which they occupy, they would occupy forever, without all chance that we could take it again. Precisely such a stronghold of theirs is Vicksburg. Once in our possession, it will remain so until the results of this war are wrought out; and it will itself exert upon those results the most decisive power. Sometimes an army is of more consequence than a post; and sometimes a post is of more consequence than an army. This is now a case of the second sort. Along the greater part of our line, the first is true; but not as to the places that decide the sovereignty of the Mississippi. Especially in view of the fact that there our army holds what the enemy cannot take the place in effect of an army.

Besides all this, if we get Vicksburg, we shall capture or destroy an army with it. And so far as loss of men alone is concerned, it is scarcely conceivable that we should sustain one so great anywhere else, that it would be more than counterbalanced there. Still further, it is to be remembered that if we fail at Vicksburg, it will not be without the greatest loss to the army already fighting before that place; so that we should bring with certainty, and with no chance of escape, that very evil upon Grant, which we had feared might befall some one else; and to avoid the possibility only of which we had omitted to reinforce him more fully.

All sound reasoning upon the contingencies of war points to the policy of making our Mississippi army not strong only, but irresistible. We trust our government means so. But we remember that before now, we have heard too much of strength "ample," "efficient," and of "no risk apprehended,"—when defeat was near at hand. This time we want nothing ample or sufficient merely; but we want something mighty and overwhelming and absolute. If there is time yet left the press and the people everywhere demand it.

Arranging Flower Beds.

To have a well formed and nicely filled garden is not enough—it must also be nicely arranged. Nay, the latter is of much more importance than the former. It is of the first importance that the outline of the beds, and their relation to each other, should be good; but it is of much greater importance that the colors with which they are filled should either harmonize or contrast with each other. * * * Colors are separated into cool or warm colors. The former should prevail in gardens laid out on gravel, which is itself generally a warm color. For instance, in gardens on gravel, gray, lilac, yellow, white, blue, green, &c., should predominate; in those on grass, purple, pink, scarlet and orange should prevail. White, however, is equally suitable for gardens of both descriptions; and unless where the gravel is very light, is always striking and effective; and nothing can be more chaste and beautiful than beds, broad margins, or lines of white, contiguous to grass—it is equally striking in juxtaposition to bright red gravel. As a practical rule, the most intense colors should be placed in the center of the beds, and the less tints used for contrasting the rings or edgings. Generally, too, the smaller the beds, the more liberally may be the intense colors, as scarlet, be introduced, and vice versa.

"This medicine," said Dr. Squills, "after having been taken for a few days, will produce the change desired." "What?" exclaimed the thunder-struck patient, "you don't say so doctor?" "It's a fact, sir," said the doctor; "the science of medicine has now reached—" "Well," said the patient, interrupting him, "it is wonderful! If you'd said 'postage stamps,' doctor, I wouldn't have said anything; but the 'desired change,' doctor, it seems impossible."

The Bag of Gold.

There lived, near Bologna, in northern Italy, a widow lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who, in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day, like a statue, at the gate of the cathedral, her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity, her long black veil concealing a face that had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written, on Laura.

But fortune had at length relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief, and she was the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those who stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the white cross—the cross of the Hospitallers—was no longer to be seen over the door, a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honor of a maternal uncle, a grand master of that order whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here she was dwelling, respected by all that knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noonday, in September, that three foot travellers arrived, and seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his lips inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manners, and on their tongues were many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome by the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go, and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess: "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied gayly. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch.—Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had where would be security?" "In your word, lady."

"But what if I died to-night, where would be the then?" said she laughingly. "The money would go to the church, for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment?"

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two, but to the three—words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia, and they were on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag as the others have done; and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she came back it was gone. The temptation proved irresistible, and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck; "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!"

And all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defense could she make? how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Willfully, or in negligence, she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

"Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the counsellor Calderini to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But if he will not, go from door to door; Mondini cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law—a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Matelli. He had studied

long and diligently under that learned lawyer Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the archdoctor, the light of the world. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution, in this instance, at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpracticed and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?

"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defense is called for, but none is made, not a syllable is uttered; and after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them:—

"Reverend signors, young as I am, I may venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said—much on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need we help our readers to infer how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him.

Hospital Car and the Sanitary Commission.

After every great battle, the compassionate heart of the community has been shocked at the recital of the sufferings of the wounded, while being transported on platforms, or in uncovered cars, exposed to heat, cold, or rain, and to the misery of shiftings and joltings. The most vivid imaginations could not fill the picture with details more ghastly than those familiar to every one who has been near a battle-field. During the campaign on the Peninsula, it was as bad as could be; since that time we have seen a gradual amelioration, as one improvement after another has been adopted.

After the Fredericksburg fight, the poor fellows were carried as carefully as was possible with the ordinary means of transportation. But now, that most efficient care taken of the wounded man, and guardian of his comfort, the sanitary commission has had fitted up a hospital car, which appears to combine every improvement that can be desired. The car has been turned over to the Surgeon General, who has signified his approval of the plan, and has ordered the immediate construction of three others on the same design.

It resembles in general appearance the ordinary sleeping car, but the berths are simply the field stretchers, which are brought in with their loads, which are suspended by strong India-rubber loops, from pegs in the sides of upright stanchions.

Thus a badly wounded or very sick man need not be removed from the field stretchers in which he is brought from the field until he arrives at the place of destination. The great advantages of this can hardly be appreciated except by surgeons. The stretchers are hung in three tiers, and as their handles overlap, no room is lost.

Thus thirty beds may be suspended in a car of ordinary size. There are also twelve folding chairs provided, which may be set in the passageways if required, and used for the accommodation of the least feeble. The windows in the roof open both ways, so as to secure ample ventilation. A speaking tube conveys messages from the surgeon, at one end, to his assistant, at the other. A complete little cooking apparatus is fitted up in the usual small apartment in the corner of the car; and there, too, is arranged, with marvelous economy of space, an assortment of everything likely to be needed for the nourishment or medication of the sufferers.

This part was arranged by an old sailor, who knew the value of a square inch. There is a bed also for the surgeon in charge, and under it drawers for extra clothing. Nor must we omit the mention of a bed of India rubber over the springs to deaden every shock; nor that the trucks can be made to fit a road of any gauge. The entire equipment of the car is so simple, and yet so complete, and will accomplish so much at so slight an outlay, that the country is again put deeply in debt to the Sanitary Commission. To them alone is due all the credit of the contrivance, and it will remain another proof of the untiring zeal of that most excellent association.

SWIFT OPPORTUNITY.

A thousand years a poor man watched
Before the gate of paradise:
But while one little nap he snatched,
It opened and shut, Ah! was he wise?
—Alger's Oriental Poetry.

Genesis, Chapter First.

1. In the beginning, John C. Breckinridge created the Southern Confederacy.

2. And the Government was without form and void. And confusion reigned in the Nation, and the spirit of treason upon the South.

3. And Old Buck let them go and they did go.

4. And Old Buck saw their plans, and he said they were good. And Old Buck divided the South from the North.

5. And Old Buck called the South Confederate States, and the North he called Black Republicans, Abolitionists, and negro stealers. And the negro election of Jeff Davis was the first curse.

6. And Jeff said let there be a system in the midst of this people and let it divide the people from the people.

7. And Jeff made a system and divided the people, which were under the system, from the people which were above the system. And so it was.

8. And Jeff called the system Government and the negro and the master were the second curse.

9. And Jeff said, let the people under the system be gathered together in one place, and let thieves appear and it was so.

10. And Jeff called the people soldiers, and the gathering together of the soldiers, called he armies. And Jeff thought it was good.

11. And Jeff said, let treason bring forth its fruit: perjury, theft, and murder among the people. And it was so.

12. And the treason brought forth perjury, murder, theft and all manner of villainy the fruit thereof, and whose seed was in itself after its kind and Jeff thought it was good.

13. And the negro and the system were the third curse.

14. And Jeff said, let there be rich men in the system, to divide the people of the North, and let them be to fill vacancies in office, and the Congressmen in the United States, and let them be for Knights of the Golden Circle, and for editors of Democratic newspapers.

15. And let them divide the people of the North, and support the people of the South—And it was so.

16. And Jeff made two creeping things, the greater to rule England and the lesser to rule France, and he made Knights of the Golden Circle also.

17. And Jeff sent three creeping things to Europe to represent the Confederate States.

18. And to rule over England and to rule over France, and to divide them from the North, and Jeff thought it was good.

19. And the negro and the Knights of the Golden Circle was the fourth curse.

20. And Jeff said, let the system bring forth abundantly every principle of vice and folly, and every means of opposition under Heaven.

21. And Jeff created great liars, and acknowledged every sort of villainy, which brought forth fruit after its own kind, and Jeff thought it was good.

22. And Jeff blessed them, saying, be vigilant, spread false doctrine in the North, and lies in the South, and it was so.

23. And the negroes and Jeff's Orders were the fifth.

24. And Jeff said, let the system bring forth after its kind, liars, thieves, murderers, and creeping things, and it was so.

25. And Jeff made perjurers after his own kind, and things that creepeth after their kind, and Jeff thought it was good.

26. And Jeff said, let us make a Congress, in our own image after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the people and over the army, and over the creeping things that crawl to Europe.

27. And Jeff created a Congress in his own image, in the image of Jeff created he, thieves and liars created he them.

28. And Jeff blessed them saying unto them, be faithful and multiply, and fill the South with Traitors, and divide the North, and have dominion over the army, and over the creeping things.

29. And Jeff said, Behold I have given you every vice, and every folly upon earth, and the privilege to do all manner of wickedness, and to you it shall be for meet.

30. And to every beast of the Congress, and to every fowl of the army and to the creeping things that are going to Europe, I have given every vice and folly for meet, and it was so.

31. And Jeff saw everything that he had made, and behold, he thought it was very good. And the negro and the creeping thing were the sixth curse.

32. Thus the Government and the army were furnished, and all the hosts of them were made guilty of perjury.

33. Behold Jeff ended his work which he had made, and he rested from his labors, and from all his work, which he had made.

34. And the negro and the Southern Confederacy were the seventh curse.

WEIGH THE MEANING OF YOUR WORDS.

—Adjectives are to nouns what pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar, sugar, molasses, butter and other condiments are to the food we eat—very good in moderation and when appropriately applied. But when language is over-seasoned with them, or they are inaptly used, the dish of words is spoiled. Some people have a way of cooking up their speeches and writings with preposterous adjectives, with the idea that a profusion of these attributes lends strength to their arguments, while in reality it weakens them. As a people we are given to this sin against taste. Sometimes we kill the flavor of a vigorous substantive with a heap of unsuit-

Brave Conduct of a Vermont Soldier.

We have seen a private letter which states that Robert Coffey, Co. K, 4th Vt., at the battle of Fredericksburg, exhibited conspicuous coolness and bravery. He took two swords, one from a Captain, and one from a Lieutenant, of the 51st N. C. regiment. Alone he captured seven rebel prisoners and took them to the rear. He ordered a rebel Maj. to surrender, but the Maj. attempted to escape by running. He soon brought him up standing by charging bayonet, when the rebel tried to shoot him with his revolver, but Coffey was too quick for him shooting the rebel through the head and killing him instantly. The rebel Capt. from whom he afterward took the sword saw Coffey when he thus summarily disposed of the rebel Maj. and called to some of his men to shoot him, and three of them fired but fortunately missed him. Coffey immediately sprang toward the Capt. and told him, unless he ordered his men not to shoot he would kill him on the spot. The terrified Capt. gave the order and directed his Lieut. to come in and surrender himself, which he did bringing five rebels with him, they all surrendering themselves to Coffey. No Federal soldier was near Coffey during this encounter except the first Lieut. and single-handed, he accomplished the brilliant result. The Col. of the regiment very properly thanked him for his bravery.—*Montpelier Freeman.*

FROM HERE AND THERE.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit, at eventide, of going down to the sea-shore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they will listen, till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves; and both are happy. Perhaps, if we could listen, we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper, borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of the earth, perhaps we shall hear its sweet echo breaking in music upon the hands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a "city that hath foundations."

THE BLIND MAN HAPPY.—In a journal of a tour through Scotland, by Rev. S. Simcox, of Cambridge, we have the following passage: "Went to see Lady Rosa's grounds. Here, also, I saw blind men, weaving. May I never forget the following fact: One of the blind, men, on being interrogated with respect to his knowledge of spiritual things, answered: 'I never saw till I was blind; nor did I ever know contentment when I had my eyesight, as I do now that I have lost it; I can truly affirm, though few know how to credit me, that I would on no account change my present situation and circumstances with any that I ever enjoyed before I was blind.' He had enjoyed eyesight till twenty-five, and had been blind about three years. My soul was much affected and comforted with his declaration. Surely, there is a reality in religion!"

ODDS AND ENDS.

A young man in Gloucester, who prided himself on his well-dressed appearance, mounted a hoghead filled with blubber, one fine day last week, to get a better view of the beautiful harbor. But—alas for fine plumage!—he lost his balance and went in up to his neck in the sweet-scented liquid within. He was soon rescued from his sorry predicament, and taken aside and wrung out, but the hard-hearted owner of the blubber had the effrontery to demand 25 cents for the oil he had soaked up in his clothes. He sadly paid the usual admittance fee to see the elephant, and left in the full realization of the fact that he had seen it.

A good old Massachusetts deacon once said: "There is a great deal of Christianity in a watering-trough by the roadside." True: furnished with pure water, it is merciful and charitable to man and beast—especially if with it you put a cup for the man.

A Scotch paper speaks of a fox having been seen trying to spring a steel trap by means of a stick that he carried in his mouth. We knew a fox once that took a well-pole from the well and pushed a turkey off from the lower limb of a tree with it, and put the pole back in its place. At least, he got the turkey, and the pole was found all right in the morning.

RECEIPTS THAT NEVER FAIL.—To destroy rats.—Catch them, one by one, and flatten their heads in a lemon-squeezer.

To kill cockroaches.—Get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them in a barrel, and then get in yourself and dance.

To kill bedbugs.—Chain their hind legs to a tree, then go round in front and make mouths at them.

To catch mice.—On going to bed put crumbs of cheese in your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

When Sheridan, found drunk in a coal-hole, and questioned as to his name, replied, that his name was "Wilberforce," he did a sufficiently impudent thing; but it wasn't a touch to the effrontery of Senator C. (or some other man) who, being picked out of a street ditch by a watchman, and told to give his name, replied in a guttural voice "Don't you see I'm Sewer'd?"

"So you are going to buy a school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

In the churchyard of Frodsham Cheshire is the following ludicrous epitaph:

Here lies I,
Jonathan Fry—
Killed by a sky
Rocket in my eye
Socket.

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.